

"Then Peterson got mad. 'I found your ugly picture!' he said. 'I don't want anything from you except a receipt for \$15,000! Here's my money.' The poor sport was amazed he came near fainting down. When he got the facts through his head, he ran out and danced a jig in the middle of the street and yelled 'Glory!' so loud you could hear it half way to Sacramento. The mob put him on his feet, and he is doing well at present. Peterson has returned to Dawson City. A version of the story has been told in print, but it was badly garbled. The facts are as I have given them."